

THE IOLA REGISTER.

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CHAS. F. SCOTT

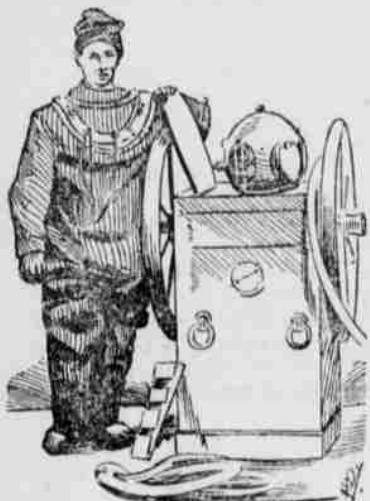
DRESS OF A DIVER.

It Weighs Nearly Two Hundred Pounds and is Described as Being Very Complicated.

"Under the Sea" is an article about divers in St. Nicholas. It is written by James Cassidy, who says: The dress of a fully-equipped diver weighs in round numbers, 160 pounds. Taking off his everyday garb, the diver pulls on his thick underclothing—a white knitted sweater and trousers, and a pair of ribbed stockings, also white. Should he intend to work in unusually deep water, he puts on two, sometimes three, sets of underclothing, to relieve the pressure of the water.

The wooden clothing donned, the next garment is the diving-dress, measuring for a man of average height, five feet five inches from the collar to the sole of the foot. This dress is made of solid sheet India-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill. It has a double collar, the inner one to pull up round the neck, and the outer one, of red India-rubber, to go over the breastplate and form a water-tight joint. The cuffs also are of red India-rubber and fit tightly round the wrists, making, when secured by the vulcanized India-rubber rings, water-tight joints, at the same time leaving the diver's hands free. In the outer collar 12 holes are bored for securing the breastplate. This is made of tinned copper. The outer edge is of brass, and has 12 screws firmly fitted to it at intervals, and projecting upward. These projections pass through the corresponding holes in the outer collar of the dress.

The band of the breastplate is in four sections, and the holes in the sections pass over the projecting screws, and are secured in place by wing-nuts or thumb-screws, as the illustration shows. A little careful consideration



COMPLETE OUTFIT OF A DIVER.

will make it clear that the dress is held in position by its rubber collar, with the aid of the breastplate-plate and wing-nuts.

The upper edge of the breastplate is fitted with a neck-ring and a segmental screw. The use of this we shall presently explain.

The boots are of stout leather, with leaden soles, and are secured over the instep by buckles and straps. The pair weighs 32 pounds—four pounds over the quarter of a hundredweight. The lead soles are firmly attached by copper rivets. The tongues of the boots are very wide. Boots intended for rough work are fitted with metal toe-caps. Thus far—underclothing, dress, breastplate, and boots—are our diver arrayed. He has now to be weighted. Lead weights of 40 pounds each, shield or heart-shaped, are suspended back and front by means of gun-metal clips, and studs or tabs, and lashings. He has now only to put on his helmet and to affix the air-pipe.

The helmet, like the breastplate, is of tinned copper, and is fitted with a segment bayonet-screw at the neck, corresponding to that mentioned as belonging to the breastplate. The eighth of a turn, and the helmet is firmly secured, being both air and water-tight. It has three strong plate glasses in brass frames, protected by guards, two oval at the sides, and a round one in front. The front can be unscrewed to enable the diver to give orders without removing any other portion of the dress. An outlet-valve is provided at the side or back of the helmet, which the diver can close should he wish to rise to the surface. This valve allows the breathed air to escape, yet prevents the entrance of water.

At the side of the front glass is a mechanical arrangement for getting rid of the excess of air, and it also assists, when the back outlet-valve is closed, in regulating the expansion of the dress in rising to the surface. There is also an inlet-valve, and this is constructed so as to allow the air to enter, but not to escape in case of a break in the air-pipe. The air-pipe is made in lengths of from 45 to 60 feet, fitted together by means of gun-metal joints. Securely connected with the helmet by means of the inlet-valve and an elbow-tube, the other end of the air-pipe is fitted on to the nozzle of the air-delivering diving pump.

His leather belt is buckled on; his knife, well sharpened, and of good strong steel, covered with a metal case to keep it dry and intact, is slung upon it; and after taking a drink, or a little light refreshment, the word is given: "All right." The face-glass is screwed on, and receiving a tap on the helmet as a signal to descend, down he goes by rope or ladder, either of which must be weighted at the bottom.

A MODERN JONAH.

The Yacht That is Being Built in-land by a Man in Mary-land.

A steam launch 75 feet long, being built 2½ miles from water, is the unusual sight which may be seen on the road from Pomona to Quaker Neck, Kent county. The boat is building within a few feet of the public road, and many of the original timbers have rotted away during the tedious continuance of the work. About 15 years ago, says the Baltimore Sun, Capt. A. Judson, a man who had "gone down to the sea in ships" for many years, came to Kent and opened a store. After merchandising for a short time he bought a pretty little home near the village of Pomona and started a sawmill. Finally the old sailor conceived the idea of building his yacht. The keel was laid the ribs slowly assumed position, and winter and summer the work dragged on. Years passed. The first timbers began to decay, and before the completion of one part the timbers were of necessity replaced by new, and yet the pet scheme was not abandoned, and now the dry land ship is nearing completion. The yacht is to be 75 feet in length, 11 feet beam and 6 feet hold. She will be propelled by steam; and, the captain says, will turn off 20 miles an hour. A cabin 45 feet in length will be built and fitted up for a long cruise, the intention of the captain being to revisit many scenes of his early sailor life. The puzzling question to the casual observer is: How is this craft to be gotten to the Chester river, more than two miles away? The captain says that with one horse the launch will be quickly and easily moved. The boat now has the deck on, and it is expected that the launch will be made next summer. The launching day will be made memorable, and the sponsor for the novel craft has already been chosen.

THE PASS-ON SHAKE.

Mr. Gossleby Makes a Few Scattering Observations Upon a Fresh Subject.

"There are various kinds of hand-shakes," said Mr. Gossleby, according to the New York Sun, "among them the pass-on shake, which is used at receptions and one place and another where there's lots of people coming up all the time and where it wouldn't be possible for the man that the people had come to see to stop and take half a day with each person. So, if the man in front gives signs of being a stayer, the man receiving shakes hands with him heartily and says:

"Why, my dear sir, I am delighted to see you." He imparts to his hand at the same time, with what grace and skill and tact he can command, a slight sideways motion, in the direction in which the line is moving. This is the pass-on shake.

"I got it once in church. Passing down the aisle after the service, I was met at the end by one of the officers who shook me cordially by the hand and spoke most pleasantly, giving me, however, the pass-on handshake. I think I didn't quite expect it. I sort of imagine that I had always thought it the Christian's duty to put up with anything, bores and anybody else, always, and wait the other man's pleasure and be more than patient, he agreeable and polite besides. But I don't think that just now. I think now, for instance, that a man would have no more right to block up a passage to a church and make other folks uncomfortable there than he would have anywhere else; and when such a man does come along, why, it is perfectly proper to give him, in due time, with firm but gentle kindness, the pass-on shake."

A RED MAN'S DRINK.

Red Ink Is a Favorite Beverage Among the Indians of Indian Territory.

Vigilant as the deputy marshals are in Indian territory, and drastic as the application of the prohibition law by the courts may be, several kinds of intoxication safely defy all statutory provisions. Amazing quantities of Jamaica ginger are consumed in the territory. The stores handle ginger as a legitimate drug. A teaspoonful will cause choking and coughing for several minutes in a throat unaccustomed to swallowing the powerful stuff. But there are men in the territory who drink two or three bottles a day with apparent satisfaction to their educated stomachs. More Jamaica ginger is sold in the Indian territory than in half a dozen states where whisky selling is licensed.

Red ink is another favorite territory tipple. This is not a nickname nor something else. The ordinary red ink which the bookstores of the states sell for writing purposes is a beverage in parts of this country. The ink drinker of cultivated tastes will buy bottles by the half dozen at a time and swallow the contents with relish. Essences which sell elsewhere for flavoring purposes are drinks under this civilization. Anything which has a basis of alcohol is in demand. Intoxication is craved and the stomach of the Indian territory drinker does not quarrel with the form in which it comes. Wood alcohol, accounted poison in most parts of the country, is consumed in considerable quantities. The peddlers buy it in Oklahoma, dilute it with water, and sell it by the pint on this side of the line.

England Crazy Over Croquet.

Croquet, the revival of which in England was announced not long ago, is said to be making alarming strides, and in places to threaten the sovereignty of golf. They have made a new game of it—three times as difficult and scientific as the old—and the craze is on.

An Industrious Volcano.

The most active volcano in the world is Mount Sangay, 17,190 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728.

A JUMBLED LOT.

A home for barkeepers is to be established at Waukegan, Wis.

The drill of the Roman soldier was exceedingly severe. It comprised not only the use of weapons, but running, jumping, climbing, wrestling, swimming, both naked and in full armor.

There are now 34 centenarians in Europe, of whom 23 are women. Statistics show that for every two male centenarians living during the last ten years there have always been three females over 100 years of age.

The bottom of the Pacific between Hawaii and California is said to be so level that a railroad could be laid for 500 miles without grading anywhere. This fact was discovered by the United States surveying vessel engaged in making soundings with a view of laying a cable.

The crookedest brook in America is the No-Name Pond brook in Maine, beside which an electric road runs for some distance below Crawleys. The Congo is no instance to this crooked little stream. It is so crooked that suckers caught there have curvature of the spine.

War correspondents were employed as far back as the time of Edward II. Seribes specially commissioned were sent up with the English army which invaded Scotland at that time. But, incredible as it may sound, not one of the London newspapers was specially represented at the battle of Waterloo.

Books used by the blind are very expensive. Most of them cost about four dollars each. The Bible, in raised letters, is comprised of 40 thick volumes, the price of which is \$25 dollars for the set. This is an exceptionally low price, because the Bible seems to give more solace to the blind than any other book.

NOTES OF ELECTRICITY.

Nearly a million persons make their living in this country by the electrical industries.

Unter den Linden in Berlin is the best illuminated street in the world. There are in it three rows of electric lights.

It is stated that nearly 100,000 square feet of space at the Paris exposition of 1900 have been asked for by the electrical interests of the United States.

One of the first things to engage the attention of the French Automobile club has been a map of France, showing all the electric stations where accumulators can be recharged.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) man has designed an electrically-propelled wagon and ambulance. It is equipped with rubber tires, and has a two-horse power motor, a small search light, and two side lights.

The Erie Telegraph & Telephone company has placed an order for 500,000 pounds of copper wire, making 1,000,000 pounds consumed during 1893, exclusive of copper wire used in cables and inside wiring.

Queen Victoria has always been averse to having her royal residences lighted by electricity, but an experiment is about to be made in her castle in the Highlands. When the court assembles at Balmoral a few weeks hence the electric lights will all be in position to illuminate the palace.

LITERARY NOTES.

The publishers report that "Quo Vadis" has reached a sale of more than 600,000 copies.

Mme. Sarah Grand is at work upon a short dramatic sketch founded on the career of Clive in India.

Mr. Whistler is writing a new book, and it is stated further that it is to be on the lines of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

It is said that Jeremiah Curtin, the authorized translator of Sienkiewicz, is a graduate of Harvard college and can speak 15 languages.

Morgan Robertson, the young American who is winning praise as a writer of sea stories, is a son of a skipper on the great lakes and went to sea at the age of 16.

A correspondent of "Poet-Lore" writes that, though Mr. Ruskin is living in retirement and nothing has come from his pen for some time, the demand for his books is increasing.

The crown prince of Siam is among the boy authors of the world; he has written several stories for English children's magazines, and can write fluently in three European languages.

George W. Cable, who has just ended a somewhat lengthy visit to England, where he was very cordially received, has kept a full diary of his experiences and is said to contemplate the publication of some portions of it before long.

HINTS FOR THE CYCLIST.

Thick or gummy oil can be cleared by heating it in a vessel containing some short or broken pieces of metal. When riding a tandem, sit behind. It spoils the other fellow's enjoyment to see you sitting in front, overstraining the muscles and doing all the hard work.

Vaseline smeared on any part of the framework of a machine, especially the under side of the main tube, will be found a useful tip as the cracked mud wipes off more easily and without scratching the enamel.

Don't keep looking around when riding unless there is a clear road ahead and a sudden swerve of the machine cannot possibly do any harm. The practice is the cause of many accidents, and has been prohibited on the race track.

An English tourist tells a story of having repaired a puncture with a postage stamp, and the following morning finding his tire still inflated. We do not hesitate to recommend the postage stamp as a tire repairer. When successful, it is good.

TO REDUCE THE ABDOMEN.

If One Walks Correctly the Fullness of Girth Can Be in a Measure Hidden.

There is an old-fashioned rhyme which it will hurt none of us to repeat and to ponder:

"Hold up your head and brace your chin, Turn out your toes and your stomach hold in."

"And your stomach hold in." That is the crucial test of body exercise, and many there be that fail to meet it. It can never be done until control of the abdominal muscles is acquired, and for this control—a difficult one to acquire—every effort must be made, and all the mind directed to the effort. Here is one of the rules by which it may be accomplished: Stand in an erect position for half an hour every day, and for five or six minutes at a time practice drawing the abdomen in and letting it out.

This is one of the hardest of all things to do, and requires much patience. One will be astonished to discover at first how unresponsive the muscles are and how next to impossible it seems to make one move. When a little flexibility has been acquired, then hold the abdomen in and lift the chest and draw down the shoulders. Keeping the shoulders down, begin again to contract and expand the abdomen. Then, begin again, holding in the abdomen, lifting the chest, and drawing down the shoulders; you will find your whole body straightened as well. Nothing is strained by these movements. When the muscles have become flexible one will discover that when one leans over, even to pick something up from the floor, one no longer does so without involuntarily contracting the abdominal muscles, until day by day a greater compactness in those regions is gained, and the "stomach" learns to do the work for itself. Its size in the meantime is reduced. Many persons have gone down several inches in the abdomen by following no other prescription than this.

To "hold up your head" properly, you must learn not to indulge in the contortions of those persons who bend the body backward, throwing the line of the spine out of gear, in their well-meant efforts to get the head erect. Nothing can exceed the ugliness and the awkwardness of the result, for the whole body is thrown into abnormal lines. The proper way is this—a rule, by the way, which is given by a well-known teacher to her pupils—a teacher who combines with a knowledge of the body and its laws unusual mental endowments: Feel the ball of your feet as you stand and press the floor; then tip the body forward, using the hip-joint hinges, and without bending the spine.

The right tip has been acquired when an imaginary straight line falling from the bust would touch the ends of the toes. Then simply lift the head until the eye is brought to a place where one can look straight out from the pupils, and not from under the lids. The eye level controls the position of the head, and regulates its relation to the spine. Walk retaining the same position, and always letting the chest be in the advance, as though one were really following that. When this rule is followed a large abdomen is concealed and almost forgotten; it is certainly never obtruded—Harper's Bazar.

A COMRADE'S PART.

Jim Nesbit by Superhuman Efforts Lifts a Fallen Tree from His Partner's Crushed Form.

While Thomas Gentle, a mining machinery expert of Green Lake, Wis., was prospecting with Jim Nesbit near Jevins inlet, 60 miles from the nearest camp, a log rolled down the hill on them. Nesbit wiggled from beneath the huge trunk, but Gentle was pinned between the log and a big rock, reports a local exchange.

Though realizing that he must die, his partner watched beside him for two days and nights, seeing his life slowly going out, before he succeeded in prying up the tree and pulling his crushed body free.

Nesbit then went for help, but Indians were the only human beings he could find. He gave them \$20, all he had, to carry the dying man to the camp at Vananda, 60 miles away. After covering 15 miles, the Indians refused to go further.

Nesbit then gave poor Gentle's pallbearers his gold watch, which induced the Indians to carry their burden five miles further, when they again halted, saying, "No use carrying dead man."

Nesbit whipped out a revolver and told the Indians that there would be more dead men around if they did not move on, and at the point of a revolver, 15 more miles were covered by the Indians, when they abruptly dropped their burden and fled into the woods. Three days after Gentle reached Vananda, his litter being borne by his comrade. He died two days after reaching there, which was eight days after the accident.

Palae Syntax Corrected. There appears to be no end to the humor of examination. Here is the latest story that has come to us, and that to us, at least, is new. It appears that at an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near New York city two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter and the second as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it?"

When the papers were handed in it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

"The hen didn't done it; God done it."

LONG DRIVE FOR WAGER.

An Indiana Man Rides to Portland, Ore., Behind a Span of Yearling Ponies.

A rather unique looking procession wended its way down the main street of Barker City, Ore., recently, on its way to Portland. The outfit consisted of three covered wagons, followed by a carriage drawn by a pair of thoroughbred yearling ponies. It was the latter that attracted the most attention, says the San Francisco Examiner.

In the carriage sat an old man, whose weather-beaten face showed the influence of the effects of sun and wind. To a reporter he said: "My name is H. H. Syster. My family and self started on April 11 from Howard county, Ind., to cross the country to Portland. We are traveling on a wager, and this is what the wager is. Do you see this team of ponies. They're thoroughbreds."

"A man in our county in Indiana said that that team of yearlings couldn't cross the country to Portland and live through the trip. We are not limited as to time, and just took our own time to make the journey. We followed the Union Pacific to Granger, and from there to Rawlins, Wyo. From Rawlins we came across country to Boise, and from there to this city. We are taking it easy, still we cover a good many miles in a day. We have had some pretty tough experiences; yet, to take it altogether, we got along all right. At one time this team I'm driving traveled 15 miles without hay, yet you see how they look."

"What's the wager? Well, that's between me and the man that made it. I report to his agent when I get to Portland. I'll win the wager, then me and my folks will go farming."

CAT KILLS A TURTLE.

Puss Meets with a New Kind of Creature and Has a Hard Time of It.

Farmer Egerton has a large cat named Scrapper which has long been the terror of all the dogs and cats in the neighborhood. One day lately he met his match in a large turtle. Discovering the queer creature taking a leisurely promenade in the meadow, Scrapper leaped on its back and clawed away at a lively rate. The turtle seemed to rather enjoy the performance, so Scrapper changed his tactics. He soon saw where the turtle's head came out, and he sat down to watch the spot, reports the New York Press.

Presently the turtle peeped out to see if his enemy was gone. Scrapper made a grab and missed. This was repeated three times, and then the turtle, keeping his head safely inside the shell, put out his feet and attempted to crawl away. Then Scrapper caught a foot of the turtle with his teeth, and the fight began in earnest. The turtle pulled and struggled, but finding itself being pulled away, put out its head and with a quick snap caught one of the cat's hind feet in its viselike jaws. Scrapper pulled, bit and scratched, and doubtless would have called the fight off, but the turtle held on in triumph.

Finally Scrapper secured a good hold of the turtle's head, and the turtle would have withdrawn it he could. But the victorious Scrapper was in a short time limping home with the turtle's head in his mouth, as a trophy of his hard-fought battle.

Peculiar Japanese Custom.

The Japanese address their letters in just the opposite way to other people. They write the country first, then the city, the street and the number, and the name last of all. Before beginning to write, pause a moment and ask yourself whether that is not the best way. At any rate, that is the system adopted by post office employees in this country in distributing the mails. First they look at the state and the city, and it is tossed in the proper pouch. When it arrives at its destination, the street and number is looked at to determine the carrier route, and the very last thing the carrier looks at is the recipient's name. So we see that the Japanese may have the right view of it after all.

One and One Are Two.

A state superintendent of schools was recently examining a class of girls in natural history. "Tell me the names of any animals you know," he began; but the faces of the children expressed bewilderment at the request. At length, however, a little girl at the back of the class shot up her hand as though a bright idea had suddenly struck her. "Ah," said the questioner, "the smallest girl in the class knows. Well, my dear, what is it?" "A worm," came the triumphant answer. "Well—er—yes; a worm is really an animal, but can no one think of any other?" Again profound silence reigned. "If I were one of you big girls," the superintendent remarked, after a pause, on seeing the same hand held up, "I should be ashamed of myself." Then, turning to the little scholar, as a last resort: "Well, what is it this time, my girl?" "Another worm, mister," was the quick response.

Betrayed by His Shyness.

A western man prominent as an educator tells of a trip on a far western stage coach. He sat beside the driver and tried to engage him in conversation, but the driver was silent, and almost sullen. The stage stopped for dinner at a little eating house, and when it rolled away again the driver talked and told stories and acted like another man. Later he explained the matter. "I didn't take a shine to you this morning," he said, "because I thought you was a gospel fellow, but when I seen you eating pie with a fork, I knowed right away you was a gambler."

Rail Road Time-Table.

SANTA FE ROUTE.
GOING EAST.
Passenger No. 205, leaves Iola 1:25 p. m.
204, arrives Iola 2:32 a. m.
Freight No. 216, leaves Iola 12:15 a. m.
220, arrives Iola 8:55 p. m.
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Passenger No. 201, leaves Iola 2:15 p. m.
202, arrives Iola 3:22 a. m.
Freight No. 215, leaves Iola 12:15 a. m.
219, arrives Iola 8:55 p. m.

Passengers leaving Iola on our train No. 202 at 2:15 p. m. can arrive in St. Louis next morning at 2:30 a. m., Chicago at 9:45 a. m., Toledo, Ohio at 1:15 p. m., Louisville, Ky. 11:50 a. m., Cincinnati Ohio 11:30 a. m.

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